



FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE



OUTWITTING THE BURGLARS

HERE had been a good many burglaries in the Forest Park section of the city and as yet the police had not succeeded in catching the thieves. Apparently the gang was made up of the most skilled burglars for they operated surely and swiftly and left no clues behind. The Forest Park district was mainly built up with apartment houses of the better class and most of the burglaries were committed in these apartments.

When Mr. and Mrs. Ogden found it necessary to leave the city overnight, they were worried about leaving their son, Oliver, behind because of all these burglaries. But they said nothing to him for they did not want to make him nervous.

Nervousness, however, was not one of Oliver's weaknesses. "Don't you worry about me," he laughed, for he divined that they did not like to leave

SAND CASTLES

DOWN on the sand beside the sea. The children are busy at play. Here they come with their pail and spade

To spend the warm summer day. And in the sand they dig away. As they work with a right good will, To pile it in a little mound. Till it grows into a hill. And this is shaped by little hands To a castle big and grand. With turrets round the topmost wall And a moat dug in the sand.



The workers stop to view their work. But short are their shouts of glee. For a wave more bold than the rest Sweeps in, and carries the castle to sea!

him alone. "I've got plenty to do boning up for the final examinations at school. And if any burglars come around I'll give 'em a few of my problems to do. That'll do for 'em."

His parents went away in better spirits, seeing that he was not at all worried. As a matter of fact, Mr. Ogden told himself, the danger that burglars would pick on his apartment on that one night was very slight.

Nevertheless they did. They must have been watching the district carefully for a number of their raids had been made upon apartments whose tenants had gone away for the week-ends. So they knew that the Ogdens had gone and they seized their opportunity to visit that apartment.

Oliver had been studying until late in the living room. Then he had put out the lights, leaving one dim one in the hall, and had gone to his bed room. He undressed slowly, still thinking of his book, and it was after midnight before he got into bed. Then he found he could not easily drop off to sleep. The strain of his preparation for his examinations had put him on edge and for a long time he tossed restlessly.

It was after one o'clock before he quieted down and was ready to sleep. Then, just as he was dropping off, he was aroused by a slight sound that came from the hall. With every sense acutely alert, he sat up and listened. Again he heard it—a faint scraping

sound.

Oliver got out of bed, moving swiftly but softly, and went to his door. From there he had a view down the hall. As he peered cautiously out he heard the scraping sound again, followed by a slight click, and he saw the front door start to open. At first it opened only a crack; then it was pushed in far enough to allow a man's head to enter.

The dim light in the hall was not enough to reveal Oliver to the burglar who peered and listened a full half minute before he slid softly into the apartment. He was followed by another and the two men stood with the door closed behind them.

Oliver drew back into his room. His heart was beating rapidly and his mind was in a whirl. What should he do? These burglars, he knew, were dangerous men for they had not hesitated to use force upon their victims in more than one of their recent raids. And yet he must save the valuables in the house if he could. Also he ought to act, if possible, so as to bring about the capture of the thieves.

Cautiously he looked out of his door again. The men had gone into the living room. He caught the gleam of a flashlight. Apparently the burglars believed either that they were alone in the apartment or that he was sound asleep and would not know of their presence. He heard them fumbling at a desk and then the sound of

rustling papers as they explored the drawers. Into Oliver's head flashed a desperate plan. If he could slip out of his room unseen and gain the kitchen at the rear of the apartment he could perhaps open the kitchen door or window and reach the back porch. Each of the apartments had a rear porch with a stairway connecting them. If he could get out that way he could descend the stairs, summon help and so have the burglars captured. But could he do this without being heard? And if he could get out and the burglars should come to his room and find that the bed had been recently occupied and see his clothes would not they take alarm and escape before the police arrived?

As he thought of these things Oliver was resolving to try his plan. Softly he took the key from the inside of his door and inserted it from the outside. Then he looked out and listened again. The burglars were still in the front room and were making some little noise in their ransacking.

Oliver stepped out into the hall. He drew the door to, gently turned the key, and then withdrew it. Now when the burglars came to his room they would believe it locked on the inside and that whoever was in there was asleep.

It seemed to Oliver that the thieves must hear the pounding of his heart. But there was no stopping now. Swiftly he turned and tiptoed down the corridor. He was in his bare feet and he made not a sound on the thick carpet. He passed through the dining room; he entered the kitchen. He turned to one side, out of sight, and glanced back. He had not been seen!

All was well so far. But now came the hardest part of his escape. For he reflected that he must go out through the door so that he could look back behind him. If the burglars came into the kitchen and found the door unlocked they would be sure some one had gone out and would make off at once. But the door had a spring lock, and it would click as he closed it behind him.

He opened the door, stepped out and closed it after him. The lock made a sharp click. He heard an exclamation inside and through the edge of the glass he caught a glimpse of a man in the dining room directing his light into the kitchen. The burglars had heard the lock click, and were coming after him.

In the half-second that elapsed before Oliver acted he saw that if he tried to run down the iron stairway the burglars would see him before he had gone more than one flight. If he did not attempt to stop him they would at least escape themselves. Then he acted.

Each of the porches was equipped with a clothes reel projecting out from the railing. The Ogden's reel was full of clothes that had been too damp to take in. Oliver sprang for the reel, drew himself up by one of the lines, went out along the horizontal arm and clung to the upright, concealed among the clothes. When the men opened the door he was hidden completely.

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"Yes, and they have every bit as good a time as you have," said Uncle Bob, "so you needn't pity them at all."

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THE ORCHARD SWING



(To be colored with paints or crayons. Wherever you come to a word spelled in CAPITAL letters use that color.)

YELLOW haired Susie May is sitting in the orchard swing. She has a BLUE ribbon tying her hair, a BLUE bow under her chin to tie her hat and a BLUE sash too!

"Swing me up to those RED apples, Teddy," she says to her little BROWN haired friend. Teddy wears a TAN (use RED and BROWN mixed) sailor suit. The tie and the stripes on his sleeve are RED. The tape on the collar and cuffs is white, so is the shield.

"Take a good hold on the long YELLOW ropes!" cries Teddy. "And sit tight on the BROWN seat—then I will swing you far, far up in the bright BLUE sky. You shall pick apples and some of the bright GREEN leaves too, for they are hanging down ready to pick!"

The big tree just in front of the pear tree is another apple tree. Its trunk is GRAY (use BLACK lightly) and it has some YELLOW apples on it among its GREEN leaves (paint these leaves a darker GREEN than those on the apple branches). The pear tree has a slim BROWN trunk, and its leaves are a YELLOW-GREEN (mix the colors) and has big YELLOW fruit on it. There is a bright GREEN hedge with BROWN branches beneath, and the grass is a dark GREEN (add PURPLE to darken) by the hedge. The grass seems to get lighter (use less PURPLE) as it reaches the foreground. Big YELLOW hearted flowers are growing in the grass.

Isabella lies at the foot of a tall white daisy. She wears a little RED cap and dress. Her hair is YELLOW. Teddy's shoes are TAN, so are Susie's. Susie's dress has BLUE dots all over it. Susie, Teddy and Isabella have PINK (use light-RED) cheeks and RED lips. The border extending back of the GREEN lettering is ORANGE-color (use RED and YELLOW mixed for ORANGE.)

swung himself in to the porch and hurried down the stairs. Over back fences he went, regardless of his bare feet, for he feared that the burglars had a watch at the front of the house. He came to the cross street and in a few minutes tumbled, almost exhausted, into an all night drug store on the next corner. From there the alarm was telephoned.

The police reached the apartment in time to capture the thieves. And when it was known how the capture had been effected, the police chief himself called upon Oliver to express his appreciation of the boy's courage and resourcefulness.

Oliver drew a long breath—the first, it seemed, in hours. When he was sure the men had left the kitchen he

swung himself in to the porch and hurried down the stairs. Over back fences he went, regardless of his bare feet, for he feared that the burglars had a watch at the front of the house. He came to the cross street and in a few minutes tumbled, almost exhausted, into an all night drug store on the next corner. From there the alarm was telephoned.

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The HANDY BOY AT HOME

BY CHARLES A. KING
STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, PLYMOUTH, N.H.

HIS project may be made by any one who can measure, make an accurate knife mark and saw exactly beside it, or if he has access to an iron miter box so every piece may be cut to exact length with perfectly square ends. The "Sure Nuff Handy Boy" will scorn to use the latter unless he is positive he can make an accurate cut every time.

Get the legs out of 1 1/2" square stuff, oak, maple or birch. Cut all back and front rails to exactly the same length and work accurately to width; cut all side rails b, following the dimensions required in every case, working with the highest possible degree of skill.

Mark 3/4" dowel holes carefully, using the point of a scratch awl to insure accurate centering; note that the dowels in the seat are so placed that the dowels of one rail will not cut off those of the other.

The balusters of the back may be round or square, the former being the easier as dowels may be used, but square slats will make a better looking chair. Do not space them equally to fill up the space, but instead group them as indicated which is better design.

Smooth and sandpaper all pieces. Do not attempt to glue up without clamps or some device by which the joints may be forced together and held until the glue hardens. Glue the back and front rails a to exactly the sides. Make the seat of the required dimensions, the grain running parallel with the side rails as it must be fitted around the back legs at c.

Stain and varnish, or better, paint with a suitable flat color and finish with a hard varnish. If desired the seat may be upholstered as at d by a pad of upholstery felt covered with real or imitation leather, nailed with leather headed tacks.

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"Not at all," answered Uncle Bob. "They have their own celebrations, and perhaps they feel sorry for you that you cannot share their fun."

"But what do they celebrate?" asked Ted.

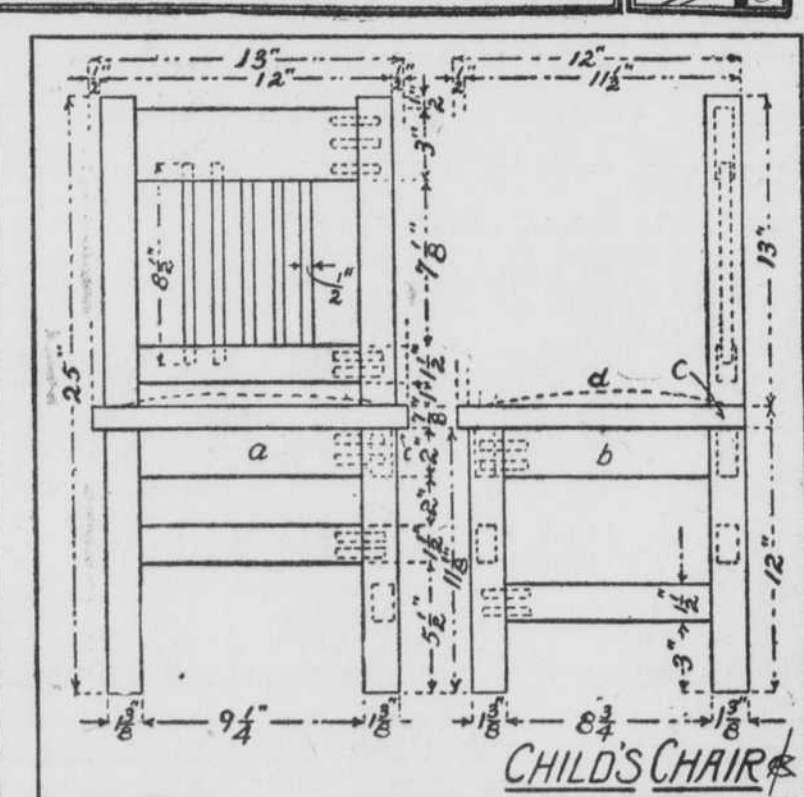
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LITTLE TOMMY TUCKER



HOW ignorant a chap must be to think a squeaking bat. For either cake or bacon would come under his old hat. Laughed little Tommy Tucker; "what an awful big mistake. For anyone with just a half a grain of sense to make. Of course, I tried the thing myself to see if it was true. And every bat I saw at dusk I started to pursue. And promised far more bacon and more cake than I could buy. But did I catch a single bat with bacon? No, not I!"

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THE CHILDREN'S QUEEN

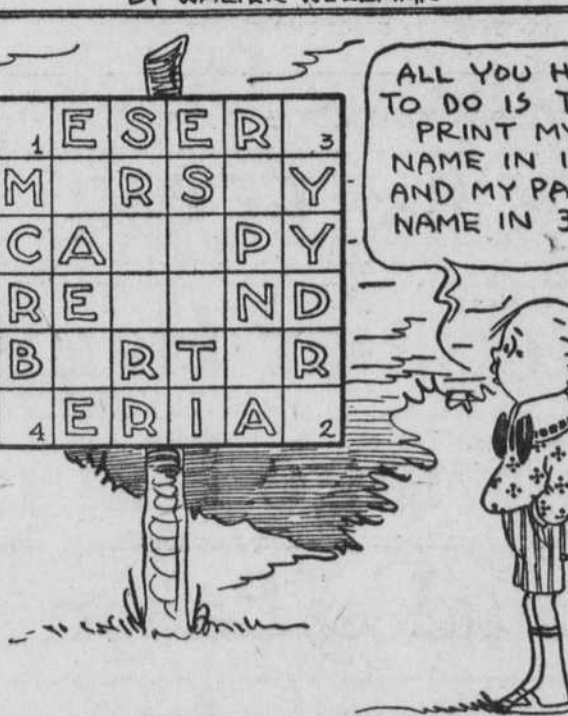
ELENA, Queen of Italy, was called "the children's queen." This title was one of the results of her work in behalf of the suffering children following the earthquake of Messina, and also of her unflinching interest, ever since she ascended the throne, in the children of Rome. She supported with her own money four hundred children who had been made orphans by the Messina earthquake. It is still told how she upset the old customs of the court following the birth of her first daughter, the Princess Yolanda. The women of the court followed the royal custom by binding the infant in tight swaddling clothes. The queen, however, had them quickly stripped off. "Babies' legs were made to kick with," she said, "and my baby shall be free to kick."

She had her royal way.

Puzzle Corner

BOY DIAGONALS

BY WALTER WELLMAN



ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO PRINT MY NAME IN 1-2, AND MY PAL'S NAME IN 3-4.

See if you can print the name of a boy in the diagonal 1-2 and the name of another boy in the diagonal 3-4, and have six perfect words of six letters each as a result. It can be done. The name of the first boy begins with "D", and that of the second boy with "T".

HIDDEN BIRDS
A letter from each word will reveal a bird hidden in every sentence.

1. Yes, when Aunt Grace returns, I'll leave.
2. June days certainly are radiantly beautiful.
3. Uncle Charlie comes Wednesday.
4. Helen never received your note.
5. Edna lost Vera's gloves.
6. Pass the chocolate cake, please, Jack wants it.

FRACTIONAL FILM STAR
Add together—
3/4 of a grain
3/4 of an animal
1/7 of a gem
3/7 of a peer
1/5 of a flower
1/5 of a greeting
2/7 of a vegetable
1/3 of a human being
1/3 of an organ of the body
2/5 of nature's carpet
and find a film star

ANSWERS
HIDDEN BIRDS—1. Seagull. 2. Jack. 3. Crow. 4. Heron. 5. Dove. 6. Pheasant.

FRACTIONAL FILM STAR—RICE, HARE, Diamond, BAR-net, T-uhp, H-ello, LE-tuce, M-on, cy-E, gra-SS.

BOY DIAGONALS
DESSERT
MARSHY
CANOPY
REMIND
BARTER
SERIAL
DANIEL AND THOMAS

JULY
OFF to the mountains,
Down to the sea,
Here we go—
Mother, Daddy and me.

July is too warm
To sit with a book
Unless you can find
Some nice shady nook.

So away from the city,
To woods let us hie,
And try to keep cool
In this month of July.